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A. Christina Albers

DAYANANDA SARASVATI

A POEM

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By

A. Christina Albers

Allahabad
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from

Sri Satya Prakash Arya and Srimati Rani Ruchi

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FOREWORD

As early as 1939, at the insistence of late Pandit Ayodhya Prasad, a distinguished Vedic missionary from Calcutta, A. Christina Albers, a German lady, then staying in India, very kindy consented to compose a poem on Maharshi Dayananda Sarasvati. This thrilling poem has a historical value; and we consider it as our privilege to publish it on the occasion of the celebrations of the **Death Centenary of Maharshi Dayananda Sarasvati,** Dipavali 1983 (Ajmer). A copy of this poem was procured from the Library of Svami Satya Prakash Sarasvati, now in possession of our Sansthana.

We are thankful to Srimati Rani Ruchi and her husband Sri Satya Prakash Arya of Calcutta for bearing the cost of this publication.

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August 24, 1983.

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R.K.S. Sansthana

PRAYER

Thou mighty Lord of all the starry hosts,
Creator and Preserver of the worlds,
Thou Refuge of the wanderer in the dark,
Protector, Saviour. Thou our father's God,
To Thee alone we flee in our distress,
Dark hang the clouds of evil o'ver this world.
The phantom shapes of hate and jealousy,
Of malice and of every low desire,
These are the foes that would encircle us,
And bitter is the warfare that they wage,
How shall we conquer but with Thee alone,
Be thou our ally in this bitter strife,
And lead us on to fairer realms of bliss.
Thine be the battle, Thine the victory,
Lead Thou our storm-tossed vessel through the waves,
To that fair haven of eternal peace
In the embrace of Thy unending Love.

DAYANANDA

Prologue I

In those realms of light and wisdom
Where all life is one in essence,
Pure as is the virgin lily
As the glist'ning snow Himalayan,
Where no thought unholy enters—
There in calm majestic grandeur
Dwell the Great Ones, holy spirits,
In the splendour of their wisdom
In the radiance of their being,
All surrounded by the brilliance
Of fair harmony and power.
They beneath their feet see rolling
All the starry maze of planets,
The vast suns of fiery masses.
And in pity they look downward
See the maze of sinful beings
Restless wand'rers, erring seekers
On these orbs in space revolving,
Moving on in gloom and darkness.
Then their hearts are stirred by sorrow,
Holy feelings of deep anguish,
And they send us of their essence,
Thoughts of moon-light soft and tender.

Thoughts of dawn, of breaking daylight,
Thoughts of hope and strength to labour.
Still the darkness not abating,
And the restless hearts all erring,—
This beholding, they come downward,
Come as dwellers among mortals,
Give their lives to selfless labours,
Live in sacrifice and service,
Ever holding high the beacon
That leads on to purer waters,
Making pathways for the many,
Paths to fields of sweeter blossoms.
Thus came He, the man of power,
He, the son of light and wisdom,
Who gave sunlight unto darkness,
Moonlight to the midnight wand'rer.
Golden rays of morning glory,—
Tow'ring Giant of the Spirit,
DAYANANDA SARASVATI.

II. Birth and Childhood

The fleeting years, so quickly pass they on,
And yet, they call us forth to manly strife,—
"Be steadfast, labour for thy earthly life,
May hear the call ere yet thy work is done."

———

Life calls to action, sit not idly by
And wait for others to complete thy work.
The morn is on the wing, then do not shirk,
The wasteful sloth, the idler lives a lie.

———

The day is strong and sullen lies the sod ,
Rise up and know thy soul has crystal wings,
Thy life is written in the book of Kings,
And will be read before the Throne of God.

———

× Swiftly fleetings are the seasons
More than hundred times our planet
Travelled rolling on its orbit
On its faithful twelve-moon journey
Since the day when he descended,
Came to grace this earth with glory,
Came as infant frail and helpless,
Sweet Mulshanker (thus they named him)
Was a babe as other infants.
Grew and played as other children.
And his sire, a man of power,
Owned estates and wealth unmeasured,
Was by caste a priestly Brahmin.
But e'en as Prahlad the sinless,
Heeded not his father's power,
His vast palaces of comfort,
Thus Mulshankar, neath the surface
Saw decay and sorrow only.

× Svami Dayananda Sarasvati was born in 1824.

Oft his sire took him to worship
In the Fanes to Shiva sacred
But alas ! the Aryan spirit
Dwelt no longer in these temples ;
Greed of mortals had destroyed it.
And the boy, in silence pond'ring,
Did behold but wood or mortar.
Once it happed, (he was a child then,
Fourteen years advanced in boyhood).
That, when came the yearly festal.
Day of fasting, night of prayer,
To be spent in sleepless worship,
Young Mulshaker with his father
Went to this nightwatch of prayer.
And he slept not ; ever mindful
Of the Spirit's holy mission,
Followed closely he the service.

Devotees gave votive off' rings
Well cooked viands to the image.
But who was it that received them ?
Who was there to taste these off'rings ?
Did Mulshanker see a god there ?

He beheld but a small creature,
A frail quadruped, grey-coloured,
Saw a mouse tasting the viands,
While the worshippers lay sleeping.
Then his great heart throbbed in anguish.
Looking inward, silent pond'ring
Sat he long in meditation,

Till his mighty soul rose upward,
From this Fane by man created,
Built by greed and love of power,
By the vanity of mortals,
Rose to realms he of High vision.
And he saw this land Bharata,
Aryan home of noble sages,
Ancient home of spirit culture,
Trampled in the dust, unheeding
By a blind and restless people.
But the voice of heaven whispered
And he saw a greater Future.
Saw a Shiva real and living,
Who within all beings dwelleth.
Then, this child of Spirit-wisdom.
Prophet of the Dawn and morning,
Felt his burning heart within him,
Felt a great resolve control him,
And e'en as of old Sidhartha,
All his wealth, the world farsaking,
Wandered forth a lonely searcher,
Thus rose in this boy the spirit,
To go forth and find deliv'rance,
Find true wisdom and reveal it,

III. Sorrow

Within this restless round of years
Our bark is tossing to and fro
Upon the river of our tears
That flows through wastes of sighs and fears

And whither, whither do we go ?
The heart in bitter anguish cries
"The years flow on like fleeting breath,
Is there no end to all these sighs
While season upon season flies.''
Is there no end to birth and death ?

———

Listen and hear the Rishi speak,—
"Within thy heart there lies the goal,
Within thyself redemption seek,
Be firm in faith, be strong yet meek,
And cleanse with love thy restless soul"

— - —

Now a grief fell on the homehearth
One he loved fondly and dearly,
A sweet sister, kind and gentle
Lay before him cold and lifeless.
Soon another sorrow followed,
A fond kinsman whom he cherished
Whom he loved e'en as his heart's blood
Who had felt his aspirations,
Nourished his young life's endeavours,
He too felt Death's icy fingers,
Left the world a lifeless body.
Oh the anguish and the weeping.
The hot tears that burned his bosom !
Poor, young child, how deep thy sorrow.
More and more his soul grew restless,

"Ah, this endless path we wander,
Endless round of birth and dying!
Is there then no goal, no freedom,
From the trammels of this earthlife,
From a world so all unstable ?"
Thus he questioned, thus he pondered.
"Matrimony," said his mother.
"A young bride will cure his brooding".
Ah, poor mother couldst thou fathom
All that in his bosom burneth.
His great soul is universal,
Not for him those tender fetters.

IV. The Departure

Twice ten years and two be counted;
Now the voice grew strong and stronger
Called him loud and ever louder
Through the day and midnight hours.
Then one night when all was silent,
And the house lay still in slumber,—
One of those calm magic midnights,
Those great nights, when stars and moonlight
Join in mystical collusion,
And send down their floods of silver.
Deep into the throbbing lifepulse
Of the dreamer, of the seeker,
When the tall majestic palm crowns,

Send their occult message downward,
Calling, as they once called Dhruva
To his great quest in the forest,
Young Mulshanker felt the power,
Felt all Nature call him onward.
Then could be resist no longer
And in stealth he left the homestead.
Still his steps were searched. His father
Followed him ere far he wandered.

And oh, all the sore reproaches,
All the bitter accusations !
"Here are sentries, who will guard you".
Thus the mandate ; and he placed him
With sepoys for strict surveillance.

But what is the Law of mortals,
When the voice of Heaven calleth ?
E'en as Kansa's guards lay sleeping
In that great eventful midnight,
Thus lay they in heavy slumber,
Guards, who were to keep Mulshanker,
And one early morn, ere twilight
Yet had waked the slumb'ring blossoms,
When the first faint morning heralds,
Golden hued and ruby tinted,
Shyly peeped o'er mountain ridges

He stepped softly from his chamber.
All about him stretched the vastness
Of the earth and sky in silence,
The great darksome dome of heaven
Spread its mighty vaulting awning
O'er a world so still and dreaming,
And the last stars dimly fading
Saw their dying glimmer mirrored
'Mid the half-closed lotus blossoms
On a lake's reflecting surface,
While the lotus petals trembled
Fondly, 'neath the waking twilight.
Still the birds in peaceful slumber,
Each plumed motherbreast protecting
All its helpless naked younglings,
Stood the trees in sylvan grandeur,
Playfully in rhythm swaying
Slender arms of emerald beauty,
Made a harp, where the soft southwind
Played in notes of mystic tremors.
And o'er all the dawn's first glimmer,
Thus *they* lived, these Natures's children
In their world of sweet contentment,
Knew not greed, nor lust of power.
And his great heart saw and trembled.
For beside these he beheld *them*,

All his erring human brothers.
Then a great strength rose within him.
And the Hero of the Spirit
    Wandered forth a lonely pilgrim,
    Wandered forth a man of freedom.

V. Wanderings

That was the golden morn when he departed
To wander forth upon his spirit quest
To find the Truth, that others might be bleat,—
The Giant amongst Men, the Lionhearted.

———

Nor left unseen, the roseate soul of morn
Lit up the path that leads unto the glade,
Where bloom the roses that will never fade ;
But, oh the path of rocky waste and thorn.

———

Strong was that soul, the young life in its prime
That saw the reckless waste of fleeting years.
Yet knew there was a vale, where, neath all tears
Blooms the fair morning-glory of all time.

———

Then on that road the Giant did not quail
In search of the yet undeciphered Truth.
He sought not tender hands, kind words or ruth
Nor heeded bloodstained footprints of the trail.
Now commenced his spirit journey
"I belong to Truth", his motto.
And in Truth he wandered forward
Visited the holy cities, holy temples, men of learning.
Often he met those who loved him,
Who beheld his mighty spirit,
And one offered him dominion
O'er a large estate monastic,
But he turned his back on power.
Fifteen years he thus spent travelling,
Met great men of spirit wisdom
Who imparted of their knowledge,
Here that noble name they gave him,
Name, by which the world still knows him,—

Dayananda Sarasvati.

Still he rested not, but wandered
Ever onward, ever searching,
Onward, ever onward wand'ring,
Feared he not the fickle seasons,

Faced the cruel winter solstice,
Even as he would a June-morn,
Round him stretched in ermine whiteness
All the landscape cold and glist'ning,
Like a waveless sea of marble,
Dreaming in a shroud of silence,
And, afar, on Peaks Himalayan
Lay the snow in sun-kissed glory.
Not in vain fell all these beauties
On the soul of Dayananda,
"Stainless is the heart of nature
In the virtue of her beauty.
Let me walk these paths of whiteness,
Though they call for crimson footprints,
Till my mother, Bharatvarsha,
Wears again her garb of virtue,
Finds the Road unto the summit."
These the thoughts that led him onward,
This the vow of his great spirit.
Oh, the bitter cutting hardships,—
Mountain roads, bleak and snow-laden,
Biting frost, a swelling river
Filled with broken ice ; fierce northwinds,
Gnawing hunger, scanty clothing ;
Still the hero stands undaunted,
Fords that river,—almost senseless

With the cold, the thirst, the numbness.
Like a corpse he walks on slowly,
Till at last he finds a resthouse
Where kind hearts accord him welcome
Kind hands serving, give him comfort,
And his strength returns, he liveth.

VI. The Guru

He was blind since his life's morning
Never more beheld the light
Of the sun, the sky adorning
Of the silver moon at might.

But are there not visions grander ?
They who know their inmost soul,
See the suns and starry splendour
In their inner being roll.

They behold the inward glory
Of a beauty all untold—
Where the Universes hoary
Like a Lotus bloom unfold.

It was at Mathura where dwelt then
A great man of Vedic wisdom.
Blind he was since early boyhood
Orphaned young and reared in sorrow,
Now a mighty Sanskrit scholar
Brahmachari pure and holy,
At his door does knock a wand'rer,
Speaks a voice within, "Who knocketh ?"
"A Sannyasi" comes the answer-
"And what is thy name, Sannyasi ?"
"DAYANANDA SARASVATI"

"Dayananda the Sannyasi ?
Enter Stranger, thou art welcome."
Opes the door the searcher enters.
Now he found the man he wanted.
Here he lived in love and service
Deeply reading ancient scriptures,
Drinking of the spring immortal,
Vedic Teaching of the Rishis.
At the feet of this great Master,
Virajananda, he worked and studied.
Many years with strong endeavour
Till he felt the world did call him.

VII. The Return

There's a land more calm than silence.
A stillness more tender than peace,
Where suns and rolling planets,
And all life's strivings cease.

And they who dwell in the shadow,
The calm of that mystic shore,
They in their own heart's silence
Would know the Worlds no more.

————

Yet when they behold the masses,
Hear the sigh of the hard brown soil,
The sobs of the broken-hearted
Who in vain endeavour toil,

————

Their hearts melt in tender pity.
Turn they to the world again.
Though leaving the blissful silence
Is like sharp and cutting pain
Now unto the world returned he,
And behold a mighty figure
Strong in manhood. Brahmachari
Wisdom stamped upon his forehead
And thus rang his mighty message,
"He is One, One God Eternal,
He the Great Sat Chit Ananda.
Serve Him and find your salvation"
Thus for a score years he wandered
Found this ancient land Bharata
Fallen from the ancient Teaching,
Do abstain from evil practicc.
Live the pure life Brahmachari,

Speak ye sweetly one to other
Be ye one willed and one minded."
Gentle were his words and mighty
"Have ye mercy on all creatures,
See the kine in peace reposing.
Do not lead them to the slaughter,
Do not stain your hands with blood-shed,
Dear is life unto each creature
Nature yields her store of plenty,
Grains and fruit, throughout the seasons
Live on these ; live not by killing"
And such as he spoke, his life was.
Frugal were his meals, his habits,
And for clothing but a loin-cloth
But from his fair brow shone glory,
Shone his face in loving kindness.
Many they who gathered round him
Came to hear his death-less message
"Be ye pure, seek fairer knowledge,
Truth belongs unto the many,
Shake off caste, a useless fetter.
For behold, our ancient Vedas
Do not teach this mental bondage,
It is caste that drags you downward,
And the Vedas are the birth-right
Of each living man and woman.
Raise the lowly into manhood,
Give full rights unto your women,
For they are the Nation's mothers,
And where mothers live in bondage

Never grows a race to power,"
"Be not idle, go and labour
Work in love, for work is Dharma
Work in peace and consecration."
Oft the final goal did beckon,
The Nirvana's peace and freedom,
That great life of endless power
And off all embracing knowledge,
All surpassing sea of glory.
But when he beheld the masses
Saw their woeful superstitions,
Saw their low, perverted customs,
His great heart did burn within him,
Filled his eyes with tears of pity.

VIII. Compassion

"Oh the mother-land of glory,
India, greatest of the Nations
In those days, when still the Vedas
Unadult'rate gave, their message."
"Oh the mother-land degraded,
India sunken in her customs,
The pure Teachings marred and twisted"
"He the Brahmin who has wisdom,
Not by birth is one a Brahmin
But by insight in the scriptures
Holy life and selfless labour."
'Not by birth is one an out-caste,
But by law, degraded actions,
Unclean speech, mouth filled with slander

Backbiting and treach'rous habits,"
"Man is that, what he desireth,
What of his own self he maketh,
Strive ye upward for the Highest,
Live in pure deeds and pure thinking."
Thus did ever he extol them,
But the dark forces revolted,
Feared this dauntless man of freedom,
Stooped to low bred persecution,
Yet his noble heart, all stainless
Harboured not revenge nor anger,
Only words of kind forgiving
Passed the lips of Dayananda,
Evil hands threw stones and poison,
Well concealed, was often offered,
But when caught the wretched culprit,
Trembling in the hands of justice,
He, the Rishi, interceded,
Got released the evil-doer,
"I have come to give men freedom
Nor to see them put in prisons."
Thus rang forth his golden message,

IX. The Sanctity of Womanhood.

Low lies the land where childhood is no more,
The child's heart quails beneath an iron fate,
Beneath a cruel custom, time create,
That saps the nation's heart blood to the core,

———

No more those women of the ancient days,
No more their souls in strong endeavour rise,
Or tow'ring intellects soaring to the skies,
These now are tales, are half forgotten lays,

———

Freedom lies crushed where woman fettered stands,
And if thou, India, wouldst dream, on once
To scale the heights thy sires did walk of yore,
Loosen the fetters from those trembling hands.

———

For woman's hands weave nations ; where they fail,
Hot winds sweep o'er the dry and withered land,
The crystal rivers turn to desert sand,
And songs of daring into dlsmal wail.

———

Holy were to him all women.
Saw he but a girl-child playing,
He admired it, saying, "mother."
"Let our mothers read the Vedas,
Even as in days of olden
Aryan women read in wisdom.
Equalled men in Vedic learning,
Gargi, Maitreyi,—female sages,"
"Leave the child to happy child-hood,
Rob her not of life's young seasons,
The dread curse of infant marriage
Saps the life-blood from our people,

Robs our young of strength for man-hood"
"Oh the golden days when India.
Knew the spirit Brahmacharya,
Placed the fruit of all her culture,
At the holy feet of Brahma,
That great culture all embracing,
Earth and all the starry heavens"
"Rise, ye young, the hour is calling,
We are building a new nation
Do not idle, seek not comfort,
Be not by your senses guided,
Be not by the brain deluded,
Not mere brain culture will cure you
We need the old Aryan spirit,
To wake up our young to action.

X. The Power of Thought

Thought is mighty when it firmly stays
Like focust ray not from its centre strays.
It can control the world for good or ill,
Man's destiny is cradled in his will
And outward scenes, or well or poorly wrought,
Are but the outcome of the inner thought,
"Cleanse the heart with noble thinking,
Thought creates, its force is mighty,
Rise in holy aspirations,
Read not books that will defile you
See not plays the mind polluting."
"Behold nature in her beauty.
Glorious sunsets, purple-inged,

Darksome sky with slender crescent.
See the night's bright children twinkle,
And the clouds in flowing masses,
The blue, broad and winding river,
Sending its gay ripples sea-ward,
Ah, behold the dreaming homesteads
Waving palms and grating cattle,
These will fill your minds with beauty.
And from gentle nature raise you,
Unto God who dwells in nature''
"Listen not to words of slander,
Listen not to low bred language,
Cultivate words pure and gentle,
Listen to the song of nature,
When through swaying branches soughing,
The soft nightwind whispers prayers,
Hear all nature singing glory,
Birds and blossoms, clouds in ether
Sing in prayer and in worship.
Sing with these, you souls exulting,''
Shun strong drinks ond pungent spices.
Live a life of simple habits.
Thus will you gain health and vigour.
"But withal look ever inward,
See the God within, and hear Him
In humility and worship.
Earnest prayers, holy mantras,
Spoken with firm concentration,
Will exalt both mind and body,
Will build up a noble manhood.''

XI. The Gurukula

"Strenth and will power" rang his motto
And thus built he up his lifework.
"Arya Samaj" he named it,—
A Samaj where all are welcome,
All who are sincere, and earnest
In their quest for greater wisdom,
Orphans, famine-stricken outcastes,
Widows, poor and lonely wand'rers,
All are here received as equals,
In one brother-hood are blended,
"Do behold your ancient culture
Know your Aryan ideals,
Live again as lived your fathers.
Make your home a sp irit centre,
Mother, father, guests, and children
Upon these look e'r as devas,
Treat your servants as your children.
If they err, be firm but gent le,
Speak in words of admonition.
Freely give unto the needy,
Who for alms come to your threshold,
Live in beauty, Vedic culture.
Thus your house will be a Temple"
He revived the old ideal
Of the Vedic education,
Based on union with the Godhead
On the fellowship with Nature,
Gurukula, the Aryan system,
Where both heart and brain are nurtured.

Where the young are taught to cherish
All that which is true and noble,
Vow their lives to future service,
Look on all men as their brothers,
And give love to lower creatures,
Those on land, in air or water,
Live in truth and shun all evil
By the Spirit Brahmacharya.
Many now the institutions
Gurukul, of Vedic culture ;
Many now the faithful workers
Who in cheerful consecration
Labour in the Master's vineyard.
And that vineyard, yearly growing,
Spreadeth forth its shading branches,
Fruit and flowers o'r the many.
Thus he ever lives, DAYANANDA
In the work he has created.

XII. The Death Of The Rishi

He did not make the loneliness his home
He did not vainly navigate the sky.
His humble path led him 'mong men to roam
To teach and bless,—and among men to die.

———

And such a death ! Ye shining stars shed tears,
Tremble ye suns ; for one has passed away
Who scattered love upon the path of years,
And dying blest the murd'rer who did slay.

And yet, why tears of woe for one so great ?
Should not the stars ring forth in ecstacy
O'er one who drowned in love the bitt'rest hate,
And on his deathbed set his murd'rer free ?

No more far thee the changing, round of time
Thy star-blest road has reached that mighty goal
Neath nobler skics, where spirit cymbals chime
To greet the deathless Prophet of the Soul.

And is there not a place in yon great sky
From which we still may hear his voice of love ?
Oh, read his message in each tear-stained eye
Follow his steps and trust,—God is above.

It is done ; the silence weepeth,
Oh thou hand that wrought the evil,
Take thy clicking coin as guerdon.
Thine was an all sacred mission,
For to serve a Saint, a Rishi,
Is a task the scholar seeketh,
Task called holy in the scriptures.
To prepare the daily viands
Of a God-man, Spirit Prophet,
Is a labour dear to devas.
But oh thou ! What hellfiend whispered
In thy ear that serpent message ?
"Coin, hard coin for poison, poison !"
Oh, the hand, the hand that mixed it,

Woe unto that hand in sorrow,
Thousand woes unto the giver
Of the silver for the life-blood
That to gods and men was holy.
And when he, the wretch in evil.
Even as of old Iscariot,
Saw the bloodcrime of his misdeed,
When the work was past recalling,
Then he felt in dread aod terror
All the loathsomeness and horror
Of the crime he had committed,
And in agony and trembling
Groaning neath remorse of conscience,
Went he and fell in repentance.
At the feet of Dayananda,
Made his terrible confession.
And Dayanand, the ever god-like,
Smiled in love and kind forgiving,
"Ah," spake he, "my erring brother,
Soon the hand of Law will find thee,
Take this money, seek the distance,
Flee in haste across the border,
Go thou hence, and do not tarry."
Then in quiet self-surrender
Sat he still, the end awaiting,
Softly lisping holy mantras,
Till his soul rose up to glory,
To those silent realms where wisdom,
Love and peace do reign forever,
Where great souls do oft assemble
To consult in mighty conclave
On the fates of suns and planets,

Send down blessings, guide the footsteps
Of the restless erring wanderers
Travelling in the maze of Maya.
Thus unto his own returned he
Whence he still protects and guideth
All his own, who try to follow
On the road which he did wander.
And his work does live and flourish
Sending forth its deathless message
Onward over land and ocean.
Where a holy man has wandered,
E'n the very ground is holy.
And his words do live and blossom
In the strength of their own wisdom,
In the truth they are conveying.
And we, who are still in darkness,
Groping in this restless earthworld,
Let us in his name assemble,
Let us join in strong endeavour,
In fond love and selfless service,
Try to follow in his footsteps,
Hear his message in the the spirit,
And convey it to the many,
Blend goodwill with all our labours.
And in future generations
All will yield its fruit-ful harvest.
Peace and Blessing to all beings.

MUKTI OR NIRVANA

There's a realm of silent grandeur ;
It is neither form nor voidness
It is neither sound nor silence,
Time and space in this dominion
Melt away and lose their being,
Are reduced unto the moment,
Lose all size and all dimension.
Yet within this Realm abideth,
All that is ; all that is noble,
That is pure in virgin beauty,
Be it form or sound or fragrance,
All is there in its white essence.
This fair land,—an endless circle,
An all mighty Globe of Whiteness
IS ; no more can speech convey us.
It encircles all existence.
When its essence finds expression
Becomes form or sound or fragrance,
Tangible, expressed in matter,
Then it forms the land Samsara,
That all restless tossing ocean
Where the wanderer finds no freedom.
Tossed from wave to wave he travels,
Ever powerless and restless.

And is there not a place in you great sky.
From which we still may hear his voice of lovel.
Oh read his message in each tear-stained eye.
Follow his steps and trust,—God is above.